The Sketch

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AIR VICE-MARSHAL THE DUKE OF KENT.

This most recent portrait of H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT, *youngest brother of H.M. the King, was taken about a month ago. His Royal Highness, recently recovered from a bad cold, is continuing his tour of Royal Air Force establishments and factories up and down the country. An official announcement was made last week to the effect that H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent is not undertaking any further engagements for the next few months.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY CECIL BEATON.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

Father to the Man. " Brains are all very well in their own way [*laughter*], and I 'm sure the Headmaster will agree with me that they are quite useful things to have at school [*loud laughter, in which the Headmaster joined heartily*] ; but I believe that he will also agree with me that they are not the only thing in life. There are some of us who are supposed to have had a fair measure of success in life—far more than we deserve [*murmurs of dissent*]—but if you had asked our masters at school, they would have said : ' Not a bad chap, but *no brains*, you know ; he 'll never go very far.' In fact, boys—well, I 'll let you into a secret, but don't give me away, because if the Headmaster gets to know, I 'll never be invited again [*laughter*]. I never won a single prize at school [*sniggers*], not even the Good Conduct Prize [*cackles*]. I 'm not saying that by way of a boast [*renewed laughter*], but what I do say to you is that in the long run it 's not brains but character that counts. You boys have the privilege of belonging to a British Public School. They are the finest character-building institutions in the world [*cheers*]. You are enjoying the happiest days of your lives [*applause by Headmaster and staff*], but never forget that in the long run," etc.

" I shall miss the paper at breakfast when you are called up, dear ! "

DRAWN BY PITTS.

Eric, or Little by Little. Yes, General (or my Lord, or Right Honourable), 'tis well and fairly spoken, even if it has been said a thousand times before at a thousand other Speech Days. But you have not convinced everybody, General, because people have been writing hotly to *The Times*, saying that character may be all very well, but that if we had sharpened our brains at school, we might be conducting this war more intelligently ; and others are urging that grey matter may be all very nice in its proper place, but that if we had nobler characters, we should be winning the war by sheer force of moral rectitude. It seems a pity to assume that these two important aspects of the adolescent Englishman must be placed in opposition. One would have thought that the obvious aim of education was to develop both to the utmost If the answer is that that is too big a task, and that you have to make your choice and concentrate on one at the expense of the other, this seems to me a deplorable confession of weakness in our whole conception of education—a confession which I don't think any sound educationist would be prepared to make.

" Isn't the paper emaciated to-day, Charles."

DRAWN BY SILENUS.

Study to be Good. This ancient controversy between brains and character always seems to me rather artificial and question-begging. I dislike intensely the donnish attitude that " first-class brains " are all that matter to a nation, and that they must be preserved at all costs. We have had quite enough of that in this war, and I suppose in all wars, from some of our highbrows whose " consciences " are so easily adaptable to their own consuming egotism. But with regard to the other people, who are always proclaiming that character is so much more important than brains, I have always noticed one thing about them—that their own characters do not always command overwhelming admiration. I wish we could drop this word " brains," which is too much associated either with examinations or with the offal ration, and which is not the same thing as true intelligence —still less the same thing as true wisdom. It is too lightly assumed that there is no interdependence between mind and morals. Obviously, mere virtue will not make your brains " first class," but real solidity of character will often lead a man instinctively to a conclusion which is much *wiser* than that of the bookworm. Conversely, mere cleverness will not make a man a good citizen, but intelligence can and does teach a man the necessity of disciplining his own weaknesses and living decently. It ought also to help him in that most difficult of all problems—the difference between right and wrong ; for it is one of the constant human tragedies (or comedies) that the more ignorant a man is, the more positive he is about this tremendous question of right and wrong. Hence our fanatics !

Take My Tip ! To those readers who habitually look to "Motley Notes" for moral guidance, I would give one simple piece of advice. Never mind what the poet said to the sweet maid about being good and letting who would be clever. Be good *and* clever. That's all. It's quite simple. You will find that it puts an end to all this chat about brains and character. I've tried it myself for years, and if you ask any of my family, they will tell you how it works. This is a tip straight from the horse's mouth—but don't look into the mouth too closely.

Meanwhile, I wish we could have a little more goodness and a little less cleverness about this tendency to bickering, back and forth across the Atlantic, which has been showing itself only too clearly of late.

The More We Are Together . . . When Pearl Harbour happened, I had many letters from friends in America which all assumed that now our two countries were fully in the war together, everything in the Anglo-American garden was lovely. Let us make no mistake. Just as the sharpest quarrels are often between members of the same family, so allies seldom get on without a good deal of snapping and snarling. It is always a question of what is whose job, and how it ought to be done, and whose fault it is when things go wrong. How well one remembers all that with our " gallant allies " in the last war ! To put it plainly, allies seldom love each other. An enormous amount of give-and-take is necessary—and the question always is, who is giving and who is taking, and how much ? That Anglo-American " understanding" which many of us, who know both countries, have desired so long—it is more than ever necessary now that we have entered into full partnership.

It 's a Long Trouser that Has No Turning. We are (let 's face it) undoubtedly being criticised over there. When the bombs were raining upon us, we were all heroes, but during a lull, we tend to become " phoney " heroes—and, indeed, few of us have ever felt like anything else. But I wish some of our American friends realised better certain of the grim sacrifices we are making. Has Mr. Babbitt grasped the fact that you and I are no longer allowed to have trouser-cuffs ? We can lift up our hearts, but we cannot turn up our trousers.

And yet, in our calmer moments, the curious thought strikes us—was there ever any reason why we *should* turn up our trousers? Unless, perhaps, to collect fluff and dust and bric-à-brac? The same stoical attitude will help us, cost what it may, to renounce the buttons on our sleeves. The old controversy between the three-button school of thought and the four-button school of thought is now ended, and already men of foresight are removing their sleeve-buttons against the time when there will be no buttons, and few safety-pins, for waistcoats. We accept these sacrifices philosophically, but let no American think that they do not cost an effort.

Dark Deeds.

It will soon be difficult to know what one *can* do without breaking the law. I have just sharpened my pencil, and I had done the horrid deed before I realised that I was committing a crime. No more pencils are to be sharpened in Whitehall, and all the sharpening machines, which once whirled so busily and so wastefully, are banished to limbo. Memoranda and minutes are to be scratched with blunt stubs; let us hope that all the sharpening effort will now be diverted to wits. It is appalling how easily one can slip into a life of crime. You will see a respectable-looking citizen, in an absent-minded moment, drop a bus ticket on the pavement, glance furtively round, hurry from the scene of the crime, and go about for the rest of the day with a hunted look. The other day, in response to heartsearching appeals, I thoughtlessly gave the cat a spot of milk. I believe I am liable to about seven years for this, and every ring at the front door sends a shudder through me. And now I am told by correspondents in the Press that unless I give the cat milk, it will not catch mice. Which is the patriotic thing to do—suppress mice, which waste food, or deny the cat his hard-won milk? It 's a nice point. I think the Government might appoint a Commission to make a Survey of the problem.

"I think I 've dug this celery trench a bit too deep, Ethel. I can smell gas!"

DRAWN BY L. B. MARTIN.

Dentist: "Gosh! I 'd like to have Hitler where I 've got you now!"

DRAWN BY WILSON FENNING.

Keeping Our Heads.

They came within an ace of making food-hoarders of us all. The most terrible penalties were threatened for those who held more than seven days' supply of food; but nobody seemed to know what the regulation meant, or how it was to be applied. If this sort of law is aimed at those hogs—and they exist, I fear—who try to get more than their fair share by illicit means, then every sensible person will applaud it. But had it penalised those who have shown a little foresight and have tried to provide for an emergency, it would have been both foolish and unjust. There was a time, before rationing was established, when everybody was urged to do this very thing; those who took the advice were regarded at the time by our optimists as "alarmists," and now apparently they are denounced by our patriots as Fifth Columnists. There is great danger of losing our heads in matters like these. I have expressed my opinion more than once from this pulpit about racketeers and black marketeers, but when I hear people (even judges) clamouring for death penalties and floggings, I do not recognise the voice of sensible and dignified Englishmen in such hysterical demands.

All in the Same Boat.

It is all very difficult, but it is remarkable how cheerful some people manage to remain. Twice lately, in London buses, I have been treated to singular demonstrations of buoyant optimism by conductors. Both were vocal performers of powerful volume, if not of distinguished timbre, and one was also a whistler of ear-splitting quality. Their songs of joy and gladness never stopped throughout the journey. I dare say it was very ungracious of me, but, as the news happened to be particularly foul, I found this jollity rather trying to the nerves, and I asked the more stentorian of the two what was making him so happy. He replied, with a merry trill, that we were all in the same boat, so what was the use of worrying? I did not like to remind him that we were all in the same bus also, for his reasoning seemed to me to provide inadequate grounds for discussion. However, I dare say it was "the right spirit"; and, though I never realised it before, I suppose there must be something specially exhilarating about the occupation of a bus conductor. Considering the amount of human nature they see, one would have expected ticket-punchers to be rather disillusioned men; but, fortunately for morale, cheerfulness keeps on breaking through in the most unexpected places.

Never a Cross Word.

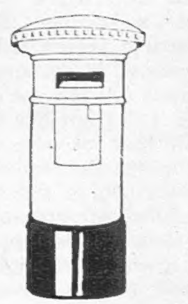
Just as well, because there is now scientific authority for saying that naughty temper is definitely unpatriotic. The Director of the Psychiatric Institute of the Chicago Municipal Court has recently explained to the world that every time you allow yourself to be irritable, "vital energy is consumed by fussing and fuming and by magnifying personal problems." The patriotic way to look at it is this: every cross word you utter represents energy which might have produced a screw, a bolt or a bullet; a swear-word in the damn or blast class represents a shell; an expletive of heavier calibre is a torpedo wasted; and one of those really black breakfasts with which, I fear, you are acquainted, means one less bomb on Mannheim. This is a very pause-giving thought which ought to sweeten us all when our tempers threaten to go as short as the rations. If every wife were only to say to her husband, when she recognised the symptoms, "Now, darling, keep your vital energy for your country"—well, *wouldn't* it just make domestic life in wartime one grand, sweet song? Subalterns should also call the attention of choleric Colonels to this valuable principle; it would make things so much happier for everybody in the Army—except the subalterns.

The Wafflebottom Club.

It may or may not be known to you that an official communication "from high authority" is often irreverently known as a waffle. I have often wondered why, and at last the mystery is revealed to me by the foundation, recently reported, of a Wafflebottom Club in Washington. You are still puzzled? A waffle, you see, is a sort of pancake with grill-hatching across it. A cane-bottomed chair therefore resembles a waffle. Official communications come from functionaries who live in cane-bottomed chairs. Their lucubrations are therefore waffles. Q.E.D. It seems to me that there is room for a large Wafflebottom Club in England—and, indeed, that we are rapidly becoming a wafflebottomed nation.

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—We are in the middle of Warships Week. There have already been two processions, and I wouldn't like to say how many raffle tickets I have bought and lost, but, as the Conductor says: "Better to have bought and lost than never to have bought at all."

Yesterday we had a Grand Variety Concert—in fact, two Grand Variety Concerts, because we had the same one twice, once in the afternoon and once in the evening. Lady B. and I went in the afternoon, as she isn't allowed out at night, because of her cough. As we settled ourselves into our plush tip-ups, we thought how nice it was to be sitting comfortably in the audience instead of working behind the scenes, as we generally do on these occasions. The Hall was about half-full of our usual matinée audience, which enjoys itself in its own quiet way, and claps gently with its gloves on. Lady B. and I, who have endured many such an audience from behind the footlights, took off our gloves and prepared to co-operate heart and soul with the performers.

"Lady B.'s rheumatic ankle gave way."

We led the applause, as they say, with a certain amount of success, and without drawing too much attention to ourselves, for only a few people turned round to look at us; but when Quartermaster Sergeant Black from the Camp came on to the stage and announced his intention of making us sing, I knew we were in for trouble.

"'Going, going, gone!'"

"'The king was in his carnting-'ouse, Carnting aht his money,'" sang Quartermaster Sergeant Black, with appropriate gestures and, I am sorry to say, to a hymn-tune.

"Now just you get on your feet and sing that," said Quartermaster Sergeant Black genially.

There was a deathly silence, and little Mrs. Simpkins's nose began to bleed and she left the Hall.

"Come ON!" said the Quartermaster Sergeant, and I thought I detected a note of panic in his voice as he gazed down on our grey and nodding heads.

Lady B. and I stood up. So did the Admiral, who must have felt that the honour of his home-town was at stake. Following his good example, a few more people got sheepishly to their feet, including Colonel Simpkins, who stood stiffly to attention.

"Now, come ahn," said the Quartermaster Sergeant, wisely ignoring the sitters. "All together, and *with* gestures."

"'The maid was in the garden hanging out the clothes,'" we sang in quavering voices, and clawed obediently in the air above our heads.

"That's better. 'When dahn came a bl—blooming big blackbird,'" said the Quartermaster Sergeant encouragingly.

"'When down came a blooming big blackbird.'" We flapped our arms and bent our knees.

"If they *knew* how silly they looked!" said Mrs. Whinebite in a loud voice, just behind me.

"Dahn you go!" shouted the Quartermaster Sergeant. "Lower dahn! There's only one lady in the Hall going dahn properly."

There was indeed. It was Lady B. Serene, and completely unselfconscious, she was sitting on her heels in the gangway, while the rest of us, our ears red with shame, bent our unwilling knees an inch. Then Lady B.'s rheumatic ankle gave way, and she sat on the floor.

The Quartermaster Sergeant's turn provoked loud applause. Everybody, except the singers, had enjoyed every minute of it, but the Quartermaster Sergeant's bow was for Lady B. alone.

After that came our Star Turn, a real professional Singer, imported by the Conductor. At the end of her last delightful song the Admiral stepped forward and, with a courtly bow, presented her with a large bouquet of red carnations. There was a gasp from the audience, for we don't give those sort of bouquets down here, and little Mrs. Simpkins, whose nose had conveniently stopped bleeding, whispered that they had cost a shilling each. Everybody who was near enough to hear this startling piece of information immediately began counting the blooms, and the Singer, after a graceful little speech of thanks, offered her bouquet to be auctioned for the good of the cause.

For the second time that afternoon there was a deathly silence. I was just wondering whether I could possibly afford fifteen shillings out of the housekeeping when the Singer said brightly: "I bid three guineas."

We sat in stunned silence which seemed to last for hours, until it began to look as though our charming guest were going to have to pay for her own bouquet. Then the Conductor poked a white face out of the wings and croaked: "Three pounds ten."

"Three pounds fifteen," said Lady B., who knew the Conductor couldn't afford it. I whispered that I would pay half and made a lightning decision to sell Aunt Eva's brooch.

"Five pounds," said the Singer, with a dazzling smile, and Mrs. Simpkins's nose began to bleed again.

"Five guineas," said Lady B. faintly, and clutched my arm.

"Going, going, gone!" shouted the Admiral hurriedly, and banged on Mrs. Savernack's hat as though it were an auctioneer's table.

The bouquet was handed to Lady B. Just for a moment we gazed upon its loveliness and sniffed its fragrance, and then she handed it back to the Singer. Lady B. does everything in style.

Lady B. came back with me and we brewed ourselves some strong tea. After three cups each the milk gave out, but by that time we were feeling a good deal better. All the same, we decided that the next time they get up a Grand Variety Concert we're going to be in it, even if it is only noises off or pulling the curtain up and down.

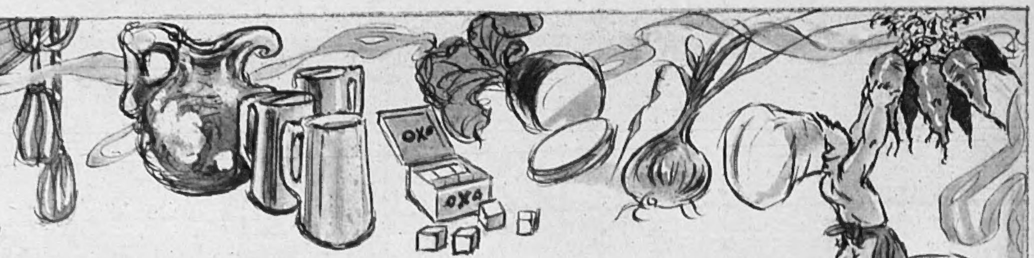
Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend,

HENRIETTA.

"Lady B. does everything in style."

"DARLING! MUST YOU LOOK SO PROFOUND WHEN YOU LISTEN TO THE BRAINS TRUST?"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

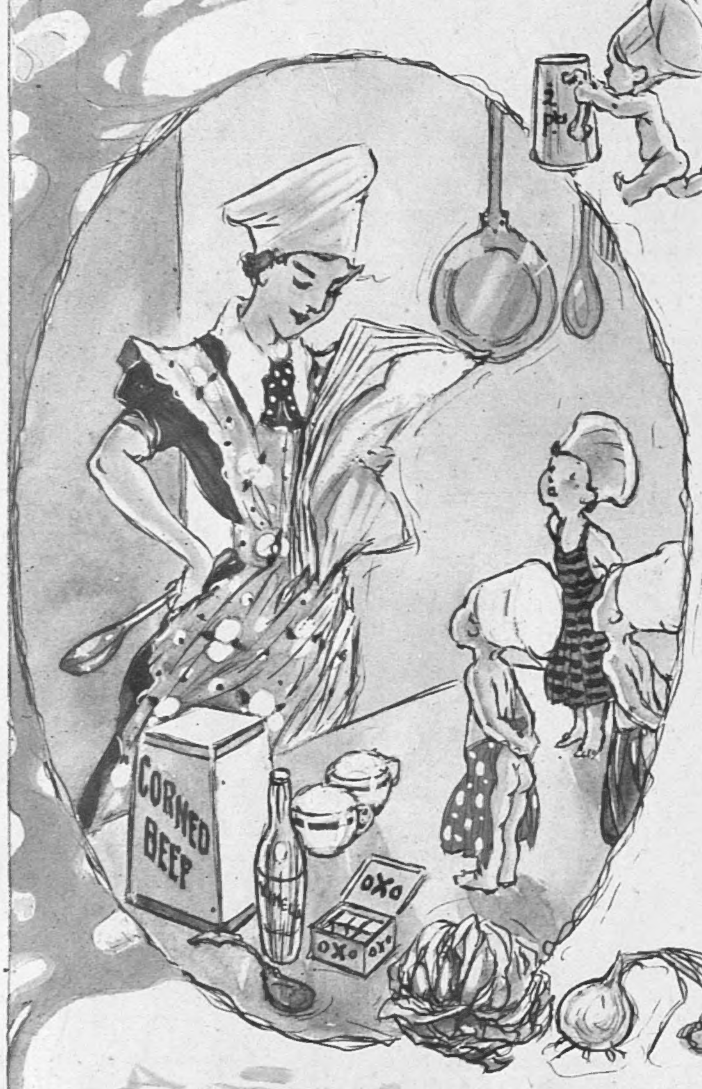


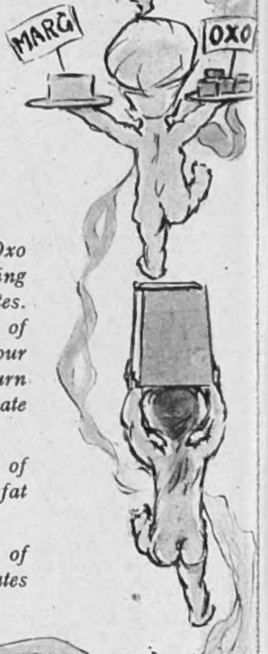
EVERY WOMAN'S RECIPES.

CONSOMMÉ DE CAROTTES.

3 pints of water. **4 Oxo cubes.** **1 slice of turnip.**
1 onion. **1 lb. carrots.** **Salt.**

Boil three pints of water to which are added four Oxo cubes, one onion, 1 lb. of carrots cut into slices, and one large slice of turnip. When the carrots are tender, strain off, salt to taste, and serve the consommé in cups.





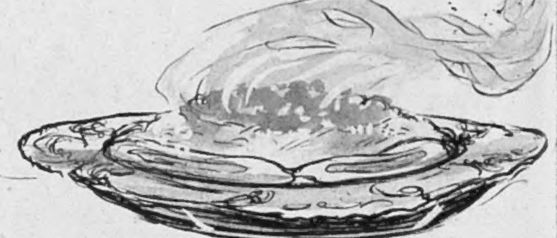
"CORNED BEEF" AMBASSADRICE.

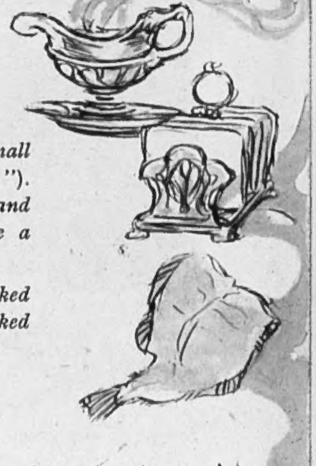
2 pints of water. **1 lb. cabbage.**
4 Oxo cubes. **1 oz. margarine.**
2 tablespoonfuls of vinegar. **2 teacupfuls of rice.**
4 rashers of bacon. **10 oz. corned beef.**

Put on to boil two pints of water to which has been added four Oxo cubes and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. When the water is boiling put in 1 lb. of chopped cabbage and leave it cooking for twenty minutes. Melt 1 oz. of margarine in a frying-pan and add two teacupfuls of rice; leave for a minute or two, stirring continuously, and then pour over two cupfuls of boiling salted water. When the water reboils turn out the rice and water into a fireproof dish and leave it in a moderate oven for twenty minutes or until the liquid is absorbed.

Meanwhile fry lightly four rashers of bacon and line the edges of a dish with them. Chop up 8 to 10 oz. of corned beef, heat it in the fat left by the bacon, and arrange it in a ring inside the bacon.

Strain off the cabbage, mix it with the rice and cover the centre of the dish with it. Replace the whole in the oven for three to four minutes before serving.





HADDOCK À LA CRÈME.

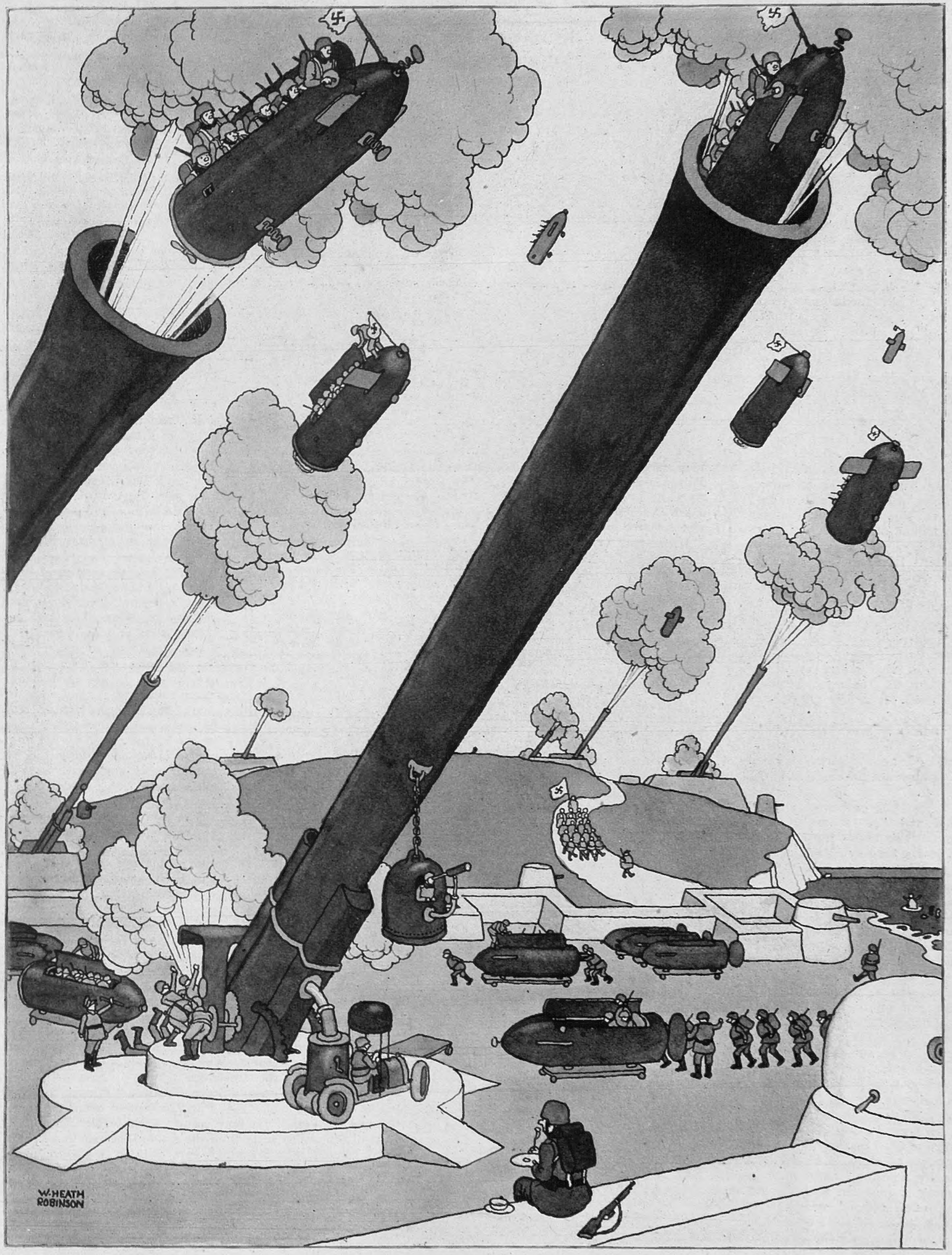
½ lb. smoked haddock. **White sauce.**
Pepper. **Toasted bread.**

Boil for five minutes ½ lb. of smoked haddock, during which time prepare a small quantity of thick white sauce (recipe given in previous numbers of "The Sketch"). Shred the haddock finely and mix with the sauce, add a pinch of pepper and heat in a saucepan. Toast some bread, cut into small rounds, and place a small heap of the creamed fish on each piece. Serve very hot.

NOTE.—*This savoury should be made with smoked fillet of haddock, but where this is unobtainable, smoked Icelandic cod is an excellent substitute.*

ILLUSTRATED BY A. K. MACDONALD.

A. K. Macdonald



ONE WAY ACROSS THE CHANNEL! NAZI TROOPS ARE ROCKETED FROM COASTAL GUNS OPERATING FROM ENEMY-OCCUPIED TERRITORY.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

If anyone tells you that Gary Cooper's new film, "BALL OF FIRE" (Gaumont), isn't one of the funniest shows in town, he is talking mahaha, or silly chatter. It is my guess that this racy, screwy, yet oddly human comedy will start an entirely new set of catch-phrases sweeping through the country. "Don't forget the diver" and "Let me tell you" are likely to be superseded by "Stick close to the Ameche," "Shove in your clutch" and "A slight case of Andy Hardy." Should you require a glossary, "Stick close to the Ameche" means wait for the telephone. "Shove in your clutch" means git, or scram, or vamoose, or simply get-the-hell-outa-here. "A slight case of Andy Hardy," as you may guess, is an epidemic that afflicts young people in the spring.

"Ball of Fire" is full of phrases of this kind, some of them translated, others left to your intelligent surmise. They occur in the most natural way in the course of Professor Cooper's investigations into modern American slang. This is how it all happens. Eight professors (seven old dears and Gary Cooper) are working on an encyclopædia at the Totten Foundation in New York. A quarter of a million dollars has been left for this noble project by the founder, the inventor of the electric toaster. Nine years have already been spent on the task, and the professors have worked through the alphabet as far as "S" when the film begins. Professor Potts (Gary Cooper), the leader of the group by right of youth and energy, has just completed his article (23 pages) on Slang.

Suddenly, into the mild, academic calm of the Totten Library irrupts a garbage man. He wants some information from the Profs. How did Cleopatra die? Do you say two and two is five, two and two are five, or two and two makes five? If he can get the answers right, he says, he may win 25 smackaroos in a quizzola. His language inspires academic interest in the other professors, but shakes Potts, the grammarian, to the core. He realises that he might as well chuck his article on slang into the waste-basket. It 's corny. It 's out of date. "Living in this house, cut off from the world," he upbraids himself, "I 've lost touch." It is his duty as a grammarian, his duty to the Totten Foundation, to go out and get the new language, the fresh, living slang of the American streets.

Notebook in hand, he haunts news-stands, race-tracks and saloons. He listens gravely to the chatter of subway and campus. Pressing his card, "Bertram Potts, M.A., Ph.D.", on the best talkers, he earnestly invites them to call. Finally, at a night-club, he makes his richest discovery of all. He finds Sugarpuss O'Shea (Barbara Stanwyck), a "dame who jives by night." Every word spoken by Sugarpuss O'Shea is philologically exciting. Sugarpuss doesn't quite get the idea of anyone wanting to move in on her mind, but she sees the Totten Foundation as a useful hide-out, on account of because she is in bad with the cops. So she arrives at the Foundation, in a fur coat and little else, at dead of night. The encyclopædists, hearing the door-bell, fancy at first that it is the statistics on the San Salvador saltpetre, but when they learn their mistake the seven old boys, at least, are agreeably surprised.

Professor Potts is agreeably surprised, too, for a time, until he discovers that the new inmate regards him as a "regular yum-yum type." Then he grows nervous. With an ardour that he feels is unbecoming in a grammarian, he learns the meaning of yum-yum. And presently the man who thought he "could only care greatly for a perfectly constructed sentence," finds himself proposing marriage to a dame who jives by night.

How Sugarpuss's feigned regard for her Pottsy turns into the real thing, how her gangster friend (Dana Andrews) interferes, and how the professors, using their academic knowledge, manage to turn the tables on the gang makes up the balance of a completely successful film. The great point about "Ball of Fire" is that, although it is comic, it is never outrageous; it has romance, and excitement, and even pathos as well as fun. Gary Cooper plays the grammarian with the proven charm of his Mr. Deeds style. Barbara Stanwyck has no trouble at all with the Sugarpuss rôle. The senior professors, led by Oscar Homolka, are an engaging crew, the dearest old pets who ever graduated *summa cum laude.*

Somehow, in these days when civilisation seems to be running toward red ruin, there is something peculiarly soothing in the Tarzan tales, with their simple issues, their artless dialogue, and their faith in the powers of an escarpment to shut in paradise. The latest exploit of the Tarzan family, "TARZAN'S SECRET TREASURE" (Regal), is almost an allegory of the times. For all the tribulations and perils in it—and there are many—arise from young Tarzan's curiosity about this odd thing, civilisation. He hears the word for the first time from his foster-mother, Jane, when he brings her a nugget of gold from the bottom of the river. Young Tarzan uses the gold for sling-shot, but people in civilisation, says Jane unwisely, would buy food with it, and clothes, and orchids and aeroplanes. "Why do people in civilisation have to buy clothes and food and things?" asks the clear-eyed Boy. "Darling, I honestly don't know," says Jane, and goes on ladling out the home-caught caviare.

Boy, a realist with an inquiring mind, steals out at night over the escarpment, leaving a note to say "Gone to see civilzashun. Back tomorrow." And this, of course, starts all the trouble. For he meets with civilisation, after barely escaping with his life from native ju-ju, and civilisation, in the shape of a scientific expedition, proves to be thoroughly unsatisfactory.

The intruders, it quickly appears, are less interested in science than in the Tarzans' gold, and are prepared to go to any lengths to get it. Unscrupulous scoundrels though they are, they are also fools, and their efforts end in their capture by murderous natives, along with Boy and Jane. It is lucky for the Tarzans, indeed, that the natives decide to take their prisoners down-river in light canoes. For Tarzan *père*, as you will recall, is played by Johnny Weismuller, and Johnny is a world's champion swimmer, and this is his big moment in the film. Alone, save for his faithful herd of elephants, he effects a rescue, saving the good ones, flinging the bad ones lightheartedly to the crocodiles.

Artless in the extreme, "Tarzan's Secret Treasure" is nevertheless a first-rate piece of entertainment. Speed and movement are everywhere. The animal scenes are grand. It may seem a little odd to find Barry Fitzgerald, that distinguished actor from the Abbey Theatre, in a Tarzan film, but his wry comedy certainly adds a note of distinction to the piece. As for the Tarzans, *père, mère et fils*, they may be naïve, but they have the right instincts about civilisation, and are a gentle, well-meaning lot. And it 's worth the price of admission to see a baby elephant swimming under water.

It is possible, I think, to imagine a more significant treatment of the fall of France than is given us in Elisabeth Bergner's "PARIS CALLING" (Odeon). The film, in spite of Miss Bergner's grave application to her rôle—that of an agent of Free France under the Nazi heel—seems a little off-hand, if not perfunctory. On the eve of the German march into Paris, it seems, Marianne Janivet (Miss Bergner) was

THE BEST THEATRES.

*Starred by "The Sketch." ***=highest value.*

** Adelphi: "THE DANCING YEARS." Ivor Novello in his romantic musical play, with Muriel Barron and Roma Beaumont.

** Apollo: "OLD ACQUAINTANCE." Edith Evans in John van Druten's play. Perfect acting.

*** Comedy: "RISE ABOVE IT," Second Edition. Burlesque revue with Hermione Baddeley; Hermione Gingold; Walter Crisham; Henry Kendall.

** Garrick: "WARN THAT MAN." Gordon Harker foils a Fifth Columnist.

** Globe: "THE MORNING STAR." Emlyn Williams in his own raid-nights play. Angela Baddeley.

** Haymarket: "THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA." Vivien Leigh in a Shavian revival. Well cast.

** Hippodrome: "GET A LOAD OF THIS." George Black's surprise musical. Vic Oliver; Jeanne Ravel; Celia Lipton.

* His Majesty's: "LADY BEHAVE." Glamorous speedy musical comedy. Stanley Lupino; Sally Gray.

** Lyric: "BLOSSOM TIME." Richard Tauber sings in a Rodney Ackland play on Schubert.

** Palace: "JACK AND JILL." Pantomime. Arthur Askey; Florence Desmond.

** Palladium: "GANGWAY." George Black's Musical Smile; with Tommy Trinder; Bebe Daniels; Ben Lyon.

** Phœnix: "OTHER PEOPLE'S HOUSES." Superb evacuee comedy. Mary Clare; Phyllis Dare.

*** Piccadilly: "BLITHE SPIRIT." Noel Coward brings two ghost wives back to earth. Fay Compton; Kay Hammond; Cecil Parker; Margaret Rutherford.

*** Prince's: "FUN AND GAMES." Just what its name implies. Sydney Howard; Arthur Riscoe; Vera Pearce; Richard Hearne.

* Prince of Wales: "HAPPIDROME." B.B.C. success put on the stage by George Black.

* St. James's: "THE NUTMEG TREE." Comedy with Yvonne Arnaud.

* St. Martin's: "JAM TO-DAY." Beatrix Lehmann in comedy.

*** Savoy: "THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER." Brilliant boorishness by Robert Morley.

** Victoria Palace: "TWENTY TO ONE." Laugh-making racing musical play. Lupino Lane; Greta Fayne; Winifred Sloane.

* Windmill: Non-stop revudeville.

* Wyndham's: "QUIET WEEK-END." Sequel to "Quiet Wedding."

N.B.—While we shall always do our best to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur. Consult your daily paper; ring up the theatre, to avoid disappointment.

giving a musicale. All the élite of French Society were there, for Marianne was a Personage—young (or youngish), beautiful (or elfin), rich (mink coat), with a villa on the Riviera, summer place at Deauville, seven servants, including the under-gardener, and approaching nuptials with a Diplomat.

It rapidly appears that the Diplomat (Basil Rathbone) knows more than an honest man, even of his profession, should. Whispering in Marianne's ear, whilst the élite are politely applauding her work on the ivories, he tells her to take her mother and the biggest car and fly at once to Bordeaux. "This is no time to talk about war strategy," he says, with perfect justice, but in a nasty, sinister way that makes one wonder. It is no surprise later to learn that he is in league with the Germans — that he is, in fact, the power behind the armistice arrangements between Hitler and Vichy.

"*Paris Calling*" *(Odeon, Leicester Square) stars* ELISABETH BERGNER *as Marianne, wealthy French girl involved in the underground anti-Nazi movement, and* RANDOLPH SCOTT *as Nick Jordan, a Yank flying with the R.A.F.*

His well-meaning efforts to save Marianne do, in fact, precipitate his personal tragedy. For Marianne's mother is killed in a bombing attack on the Bordeaux road, and Marianne herself, dewy-eyed but determined, throws in her lot with the underground movement. At first employed as a pianist at a secret radio station, using the B flat below middle C to transmit messages to London, she is presently assigned the ticklish task of stealing the Diplomat's papers. Since he wears them next his chest, this is tough, but the little lady does it. Fluttering the eyelids, cooing, playing all the prettiest Bergner tricks, she dines with him *à deux* at the Palace Hotel, Somewhere-sur-Mer. "Sweepers," says the Diplomat, for that or some such term is his pet name for her, "come back to my heart where you belong" — and clasps her in his arms just as she picks up the fatal revolver.

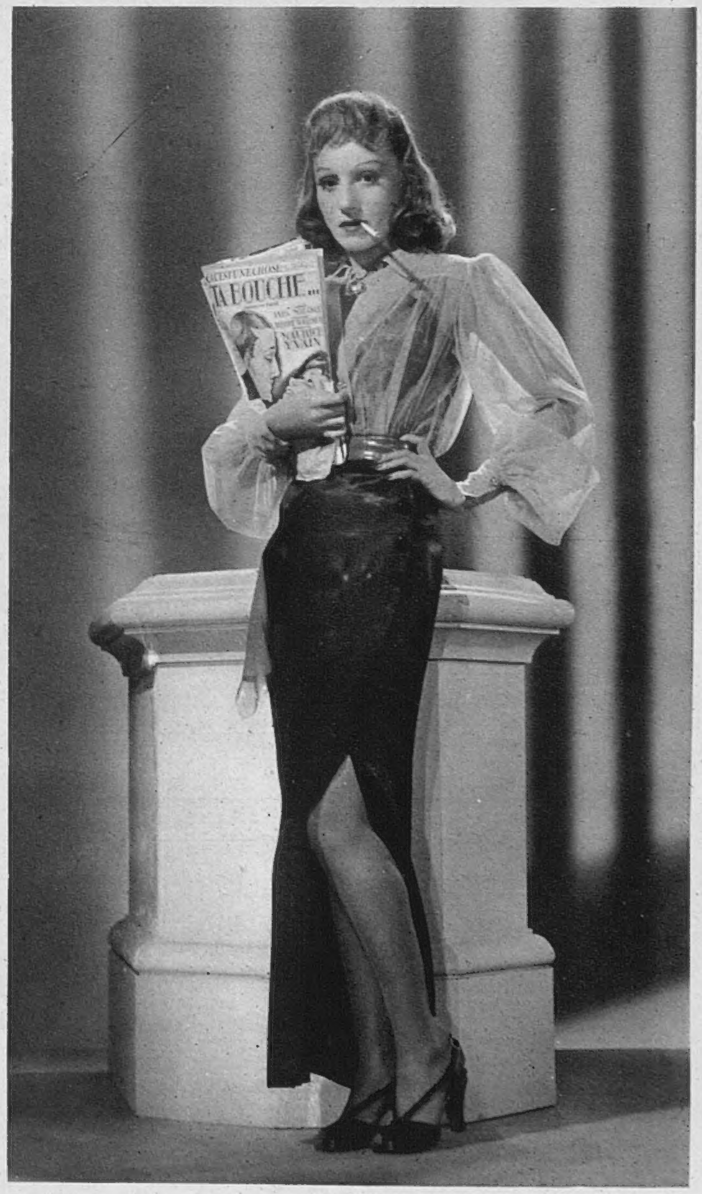
Lest you feel that this is almost too tragic a denouement, too great a renunciation for a gently reared member of the V Army, I should add that Marianne is all right for love—she has found in a Texan pilot (Randolph Scott) her real affinity. This brisk type, although temporarily handicapped by the Gestapo, is able to acquire a Nazi uniform and to comfort Marianne in her reaction from her deed of blood. He is there beside her, too, for the nick-of-time rescue. This is effected by the R.A.F. in a German seaplane from Narvik, which they taxi right up to the door of the radio station.

In spite of the gravity of its theme, "Paris Calling" doesn't seem such a serious film to me as "H. M. PULHAM, ESQ." (Empire), which deals with nothing more important than the business of growing old graciously. Except for some slight romantic licence at the end, "Pulham" is a remarkably faithful screen version of John P. Marquand's beguiling novel.

When the film begins, Harry Moulton Pulham (Robert Young) is a business man in the middle forties, reasonably successful, normal happy marriage, Sealyham dog and two children, Gladys and George. The camera sketches in the man and his habits in an opening wordless sequence. Breakfast at eight, coffee with cream, lightly-boiled egg, orange juice, morning paper neatly folded, good-bye kiss on his wife's cheek as she reads her letters. Umbrella on arm, rubbers on feet, his overcoat bulging a little, his hat at the correct angle, he walks across the park, doing deep-breathing exercises, tossing a nut or two to the expectant squirrels. A cheery greeting to the office staff, the ritual lighting of the first cigar, the stenographer with pencil poised, the clock standing at precisely nine.

Such is Harry Pulham's ordered life when fate, through a voice on the telephone, calls him back into the past. He is asked to compile a few notes about his life for a class reunion. . . . Slowly at first, then quickly, excitingly, memories crowd in. We see his days at prep. school, his first dancing class, Harvard and an incident of the last war in France. His year in a New York advertising office, where he meets the great love of his life, an exotic copy-writer (Hedy Lamarr) with the improbable name of Marvin Miles. Most of the film, indeed, is taken up with the course of this romance, a rapturous association that dies, as such things may. It is not Marvin that Harry Pulham marries, but Kay (Ruth Hussey), a Boston girl of his own background and type. A man's upbringing, what he is born to, the story hints, is the real thing, the unchanging factor, in his life.

And so we come back to the middle-aged Pulham, to a brief flicker of the old embers with Marvin, and the start of a second honeymoon in the mountains with his wife. It is a very simple story that the film has to tell: the story of a very ordinary man, reacting very normally to normal circumstances, and recalling the past spasmodically, as a man will. Nothing really—or nothing much—to make a film about, it would seem, but author Marquand, director Vidor and actor Young between them have managed to produce a piece of lovely cinema.



In "*Paris Calling,*" ELISABETH BERGNER *makes her first appearance on the screen since 1939, when she starred in* "*Stolen Life.*" *This Universal film is directed by Edward L. Marin, and Basil Rathbone and Gale Sondergaard are in the cast.*

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK:

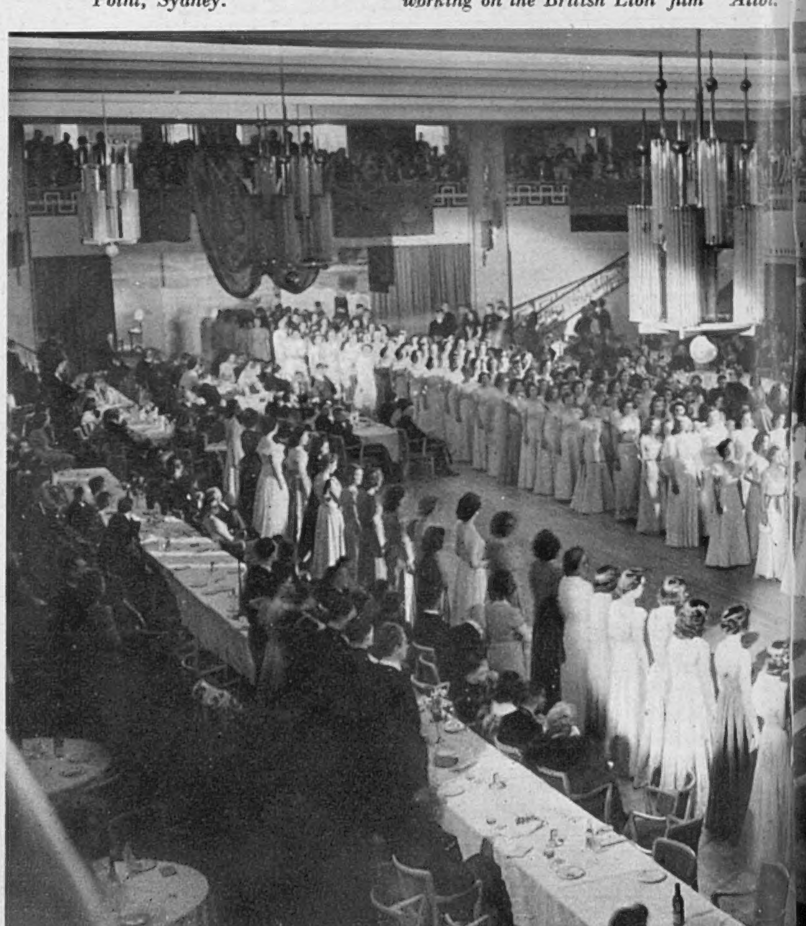
VERA LYNN, *actress and radio star "Sweetheart of the Forces," is letting the shredding machine eat up her fan mail to aid munition-making. Have you turned out your old letters for the same good cause?*

JACK FINGLETON, *Australian Test Match cricketer, so well known and popular in England, recently married* MISS STREET, *daughter of Mr. Justice Street, of Darling Point, Sydney.*

JUNE LUPINO, *daughter of Flt./Lt. Glen (Cliff Diamond) and Mrs. Glen (Cissie Lupino), is the youngest working Lupino. She joined E.N.S.A. on the outbreak of war.*

This study of the Gainsborough star MISS MARGARET LOCKWOOD, *with her baby daughter,* MARGARET JULIA, *was taken on the set at Islington Studios, where she is working on the British Lion film "Alibi."*

Film-star ROBERT YOUNG, *now a sergeant in the U.S. Army, looks as if military life gave him a good appetite. He's about to enjoy a meal after being on a spell of driving duty with the Californian State Guards.*



To aid Queen Charlotte's Hospital free fifteenth annual Queen Charlotte's Birthday dummy) was attended by 175

THE CAMERA TAKES A LOOK ROUND THE WORLD.

MISS SUSAN ISMAY, *eldest daughter of Major-General Sir Hastings and Lady Ismay, is engaged to T/Captain Neville Chance, the South Lancashire Regiment.*

MRS. DREXEL BIDDLE, *wife of the U.S.A. Envoy to Allied Governments exiled in London, and Sir Lewis Sterling opened the home for mothers and babies presented by men of the Grand Street Boys' Association of New York.*

Left : MRS. GORDON BENNETT, *wife of the G.O.C. Australian Forces in Malaya, and her daughter* JOAN, *a V.A.D. at Sydney Hospital, are celebrating the good news that Major-Gen. Gordon Bennett was not captured by the Japanese, but got away safely. He is now in Australia.*

MRS. ESMONDE, *mother of Lieut.-Com. Esmonde, who received a posthumous V.C. for leading the "Swordfish" attack on the German Fleet in the Channel, received her dead son's award from the King. Her sons,* CAPTAIN PATRICK ESMONDE *and* PILOT OFFICER OWEN ESMONDE, *are with her.*

maternity care of Service men's wives, the Ball was held. The giant cake (a wartime débutantes as Maids of Honour.

VISCOUNT LASCELLES, *nineteen-year-old son of the Princess Royal and the Earl of Harewood, and nephew of the King, is a Guardsman recruit to the Grenadiers. Here he is having instruction in taking a rifle sight.*

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

GENERAL MacARTHUR, the "Napoleon of Luzon," for being a "hell-to-breakfast baby" who has been appointed supreme commander of the entire Western Pacific, from Singapore to America.

GENERAL DOUGLAS MacARTHUR *was born in 1880 at Little Rock Barracks, Arkansas, the post of his father General Arthur MacArthur. In 1903 he graduated as 2nd Lieutenant of engineers at the head of the class at West Point.*

AMERICA'S GENERAL DOUGLAS MacARTHUR, the Philippine's brilliant defender, is a realist, and as such his appointment as Commander-in-Chief from Australia of the Allied Forces in the Western Pacific is welcomed with deep satisfaction. Having gained eleven decorations in France in World War No. 1, when he commanded the 42nd (Rainbow) Division, he became in 1920 the youngest-ever Superintendent at West Point Academy. In 1936 he was Chief of Staff of the United States Army, from which high position President Roosevelt's foresight—ignoring isolationism and Japanese friendship protestations—plucked him to become maker of an army of 125,000 tough Filipino fighters, splendidly organised and equipped. The story of their magnificent stand under his command against the Japanese is one epic of World War No. 2. Now he commands the entire Western Pacific. At fifty he was the youngest living four-star General. General MacArthur is a pyrotechnically eloquent speaker, with a profound knowledge of military history. He is a voracious reader. He is six-foot-two, dark and very good-looking. Report has it that he beat all West Point records by getting engaged to eight different girls at the same time. General MacArthur's first wife was the sister of James ("Doris Duke") Cromwell. His second wife, whom he married in 1937, was Miss Jean Faircloth, of Murfreesboro, Tennessee; she is many years his junior. Briefly, his record may be summarised by the remark made by an admiring A.E.F. private in 1918: "He's a hell-to-breakfast baby, long and lean, who can spit nickels and chase Germans as well as any doughboy in the Rainbow."

MRS. JEAN FAIRCLOTH-MacARTHUR *addresses her husband as "General," not "Douglas," with a gentle Southern inflection, and he calls her "Ma'am." They met at Manila in 1935.*

MRS. MacARTHUR'S *Manila home was a big air-conditioned apartment on the top of a five-storey hotel, furnished with many books, old-fashioned silverware and heavy mahogany furniture. She and her husband are great movie fans.*

Three-year-old ARTHUR MacARTHUR *is named after his grandfather General Arthur MacArthur, a Wisconsite of Scottish extraction. The boy's Chinese amah bequeathed him a "British accent," but he will be an American soldier one day!*

THE G.O.C. BURMA AND HIS FAMILY.

GENERAL *the* HON. SIR HAROLD ALEXANDER, K.C.B., C.S.I., D.S.O., M.C., *General Officer Commanding Burma, is here posed with his wife,* LADY MARGARET ALEXANDER, *second daughter of the fifth Earl of Lucan, and their elder son,* SHANE WILLIAM DESMOND, *and their daughter,* ROSE MAUREEN. *General Alexander, who took over the command in Burma from Lieut.-General Hatton on March 5, is a distinguished soldier, who has had considerable experience in the Far East. He served in the Loe-Agra operations, North-West Frontier, and in the Mohmand operations of 1935, and commanded the Nowshera Brigade in the Indian Northern Command in 1934. His work, during the latter stages of the evacuation from Dunkirk, when he took over from General Lord Gort, was most impressive; and he has an inspiring and forceful personality. He was formerly in the Irish Guards.*

"'SWEEPS' OUR SPECIALITY . . .

At readiness: a group of night-fighter pilots in the dispersal hut of a fighter station.

" . . . orders for the removal of Germ
night-fighter pil

A squadron leader of night fighters outs
before goi

PHOTOGRAPHS

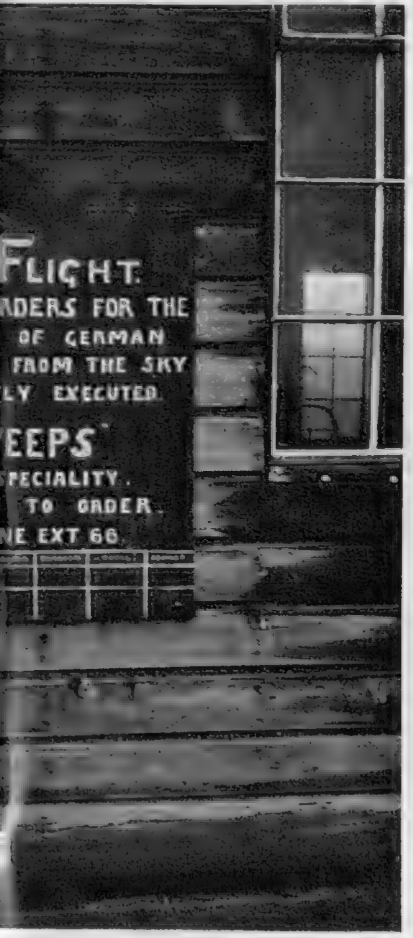
THE Royal Air Force is constantly active by day and by night; and now that spring is signalled, and better weather is to be expected, its programme of offensive raids and sweeps is expanding daily. Not long ago Fighter Command had one of its most successful days for several weeks when ten Messerschmitt "109's" were destroyed without loss to the British squadrons. During that particular week twenty-five enemy 'planes were destroyed for the loss of twelve of our fighters.

N.B. Colour plat

craft from the sky promptly executed":
ne of their aircraft.

BOMBS TO ORDER."

Waiting for orders: a group of night-fighter pilots at readiness for the word to start.



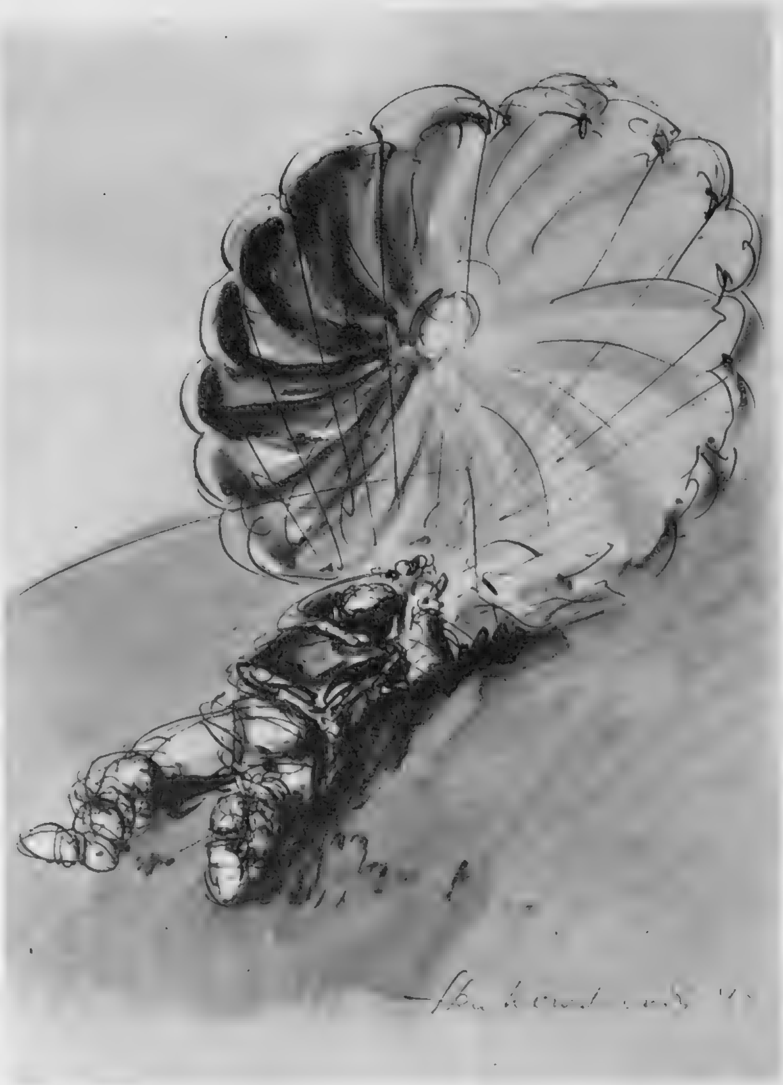
*dispersal hut in which the flights wait
perations.*

CIL BEATON.

THE skill, bravery, and indomitable will of the night-fighter pilots kindle the imagination and rouse the admiration of everyone. These fine photographs by Cecil Beaton show some of these young men at readiness for orders to begin operations. Their spirit can hardly be better expressed than in the message printed on the board behind the Squadron Leader in one photograph. The legend runs: "All orders for the removal of German aircraft from the sky promptly executed. 'Sweeps' our speciality. Bombs to order."

rted in this issue.

HAPPY LANDING—BY PARACHUTE.



These spirited drawings of a POLISH PARACHUTIST *by 2nd Lieut. S. Kowalczewski give a vivid impression of a landing by parachute, and illustrate the high degree of skill and strength necessary to come safely down to earth, control the parachute, and get out of the harness. They are on view in the Polish section of the London District Forces Exhibition at the National Portrait Gallery. This show, which includes work by men and women of all branches of the Forces stationed in the London district, and also a collection from troops of the Dominions and Allies, will remain open until March 31. It was recently visited by the King and Queen, who spent a considerable time touring the galleries and examined a large number of the exhibits, which were over two thousand, and include drawings, paintings, sculpture, applied arts, needlework and models of tanks and other engines of war. There are Canadian, Polish, Norwegian, Free French and other Allied sections, and the exhibitors include members of the Women's Services and of the Home Guard.*

"THE LADY HAS PLANS"—ON HER BACK!

PAULETTE GODDARD'S *shoulders are lovely enough to rouse interest, but this close inspection by* RAY MILLAND *is dictated by Secret Service necessity, for drawings of a new radio-controlled torpedo have been transferred to her skin in invisible ink, and will only become clear again when treated with a chemical reagent. The scene is from* "THE LADY HAS PLANS," *new Paramount spy picture due at the Plaza on March 27. Paulette plays newspaper woman Sidney Royce, whose identity has got mixed up with that of spy racketeer Rita Lenox (Margaret Hayes); so she goes in for counter-espionage and lets Kenneth Harper* (RAY MILLAND) *draw the plans on her back.*

WINDMILL IN THE "BLITZ" MAKES A NEW YORK PLAY.

Left : " HEART OF A CITY," *presented by Gilbert Miller in New York, is inspired by the story of how London's Windmill Theatre kept up its non-stop policy of entertainment through the nightly "blitz" of 1940. This is the scene set in the star dressing-room, where the girls slept on raid nights.*

DENNIS HOEY *and* JEAN McNALLY *as Leo Saddle and Frenchie in one of the scenes.*

Toni (MARGOT GRAHAME) *with R.A.F. pilot Paul Lundy* (RICHARD AINLEY).

GERTRUDE MUSGROVE *as one of the Windmill Theatre glamour girls who carried on in spite of the "blitz."*

THE courage of the Windmill Theatre and its cast of variety artists in carrying on night after night through the raids of 1940, and keeping the flag of continuous shows and non-stop entertainment flying in spite of guns and bombs, has inspired a play for New York. It's by Lesley Storm, and is called "Heart of a City." Originally the theatre in the play was simply called "Bomb Theatre," but permission has been given to use the real name, so the Windmill is the setting of most of the action. The girls are seen sleeping in the dressing-rooms as they used to do when the *Luftwaffe* made it impossible for them to go home.

The scene in the Officers' Mess at a Bomber Station, with the officers entertaining a party of girls.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VANDAMM STUDIOS.

CHARMING BROWNE STUDY.

CORAL BROWNE *plays the part of Maggie Cutler, secretary to the ineffably selfish if fascinating Sheridan Whiteside, in "The Man Who Came to Dinner." This wise-cracking, high-spirited comedy by George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart is a big success at the Savoy, with Robert Morley in the title-rôle. Miss Browne, who was born in Australia, originally studied painting. She made her first stage appearance in Melbourne in 1931, and played a number of varied parts, including Diane in "The Quaker Girl," and Hedda in "Hedda Gabler." Her first London engagement was as understudy to Nora Swinburne in "Lover's Leap," in 1934, and she made her début on the London stage in the part. She entered the films in the same year.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY CECIL BEATON.

WHEN "SLANGUAGE" PROFESSOR MEETS STRIP-TEASE CHARMER!

"BALL OF FIRE" is a glorious piece of fooling. Eight Professors are working on a new Encyclopædia. They live and work at the Totten Foundation, New York, and it's only when a friendly garbage man gives them a demonstration in up-to-date phraseology that they realise that their article on Slang is out of date. Potts proceeds to investigate in night-clubs and sporting centres. He meets Sugarpuss O'Shea, is fascinated by her command of *argot*, and invites her to the Totten Foundation. She turns up, most unconventionally, as she has learnt that the police are after her. Potts eventually falls for her charms and fights her gangster boy-friend to win her hand.

Professor Potts (GARY COOPER) *is studying modern American slang. His researches take him to a New York night-club to investigate the chorines' lingo.*

Sugarpuss O'Shea (BARBARA STANWYCK) *hears from her gangster boy-friend's henchmen, Duke Pastrami* (DAN DURYEA) *and Asthma Anderson* (RALPH PETERS), *that the police are after her.*

Sugarpuss among the professors: (L. to r.) Jerome (HENRY TRAVERS), *Gurkakoff* (OSCAR HOMOLKA), *Potts, Peagram* (AUBREY MATHER), *Quintana* (LEONID KINSKEY), *Magenbruch, Oddly, Robinson* (TULLY MARSHALL).

"Say 'Ah!'" Professor Potts, unmoved by the more obvious charms of Strip-tease dancer Sugarpuss, scientifically investigates the formation of her throat.

Potts, committed to a fight with Dana Andrews, studies a book on fisticuffs, while the Professors apply Chinese tickle tortures to Duke Pastrami to make him talk.

Happy ending! Potts, complete with a black eye, rides home on a garbage cart with his bride, Sugarpuss, and colleagues, the Professors Magenbruch (S. K. SAKALL) *and Oddly* (RICHARD HAYDN).

THE PROFESSOR'S ON HIS WAY!

"I'm on my way" says Professor Potts (GARY COOPER), *getting into his stride when he finds himself out of step with Sugarpuss O'Shea's ideas on love and life, in Sam Goldwyn's new picture, "Ball of Fire," due at the Gaumont, Haymarket, on March 22.* BARBARA STANWYCK, *who plays Sugarpuss, the burlesque dancer, eventually succeeds in making the serious young Professor fall in love with her—and even fight for her.*

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

IMPORTANT as a novelist, important as an influence on other novelists, Mr. Evelyn Waugh occupies a peculiar position in the world of letters. An intellectual, admired by other intellectuals, he has not, as many of them have, a social or political axe to grind; or if he has, it is quite another axe from theirs. He is not ashamed of being thought a man of the world, and though he satirises the existing order of society, he accepts it. It is, in fact, this acceptance that gives his satire its edge; he is too much attached to his victims to want them swept away or knocked down by any hand but his own. He has a rod in pickle for other iconoclasts—indeed, he has a surprise up his sleeve, generally a painful surprise, for anyone who strays into his pages. The object of his attack, as is the case with all true satirists, is the human race; that is why he does not take sides, or move with the times, except in so far as he must study his contemporaries in order to discover their weak spots.

A Scapegrace. Since Mr. Waugh wrote his last novel, times have changed, but the nature of his satire has not changed with them. He has adapted himself to wartime conditions, however, and he sees to it that his characters, many of whom we have met before, adapt themselves too. Basil Seal, the waster, the corner-boy of the fashionable world, returns to the scene.

> Four times in the last ten years Lady Seal had paid Basil's debts; once on condition of his living at home with her; once on condition of his living somewhere, anywhere, abroad; once on condition of his marrying: once on condition of refraining from his marriage.

Basil's first reaction to the war, of course, is to see whether there is anything in it for him, and soon he finds that there is. Purporting to be the district billeting officer, he terrorises his sister's country neighbours by inflicting on them, in turn, a trio of impossible refugees; the victims pay him, and pay handsomely, to remove their tormentors. Over-reaching himself at last, he is checkmated in a scene which must be one of Mr. Waugh's happiest inventions. Trying another tack, he takes to contre-espionage, and has the brilliant idea of (falsely) denouncing an old friend as a Fascist, a cruel ruse for which one cannot forgive him. That is, if one takes him seriously as a human being, and to some extent one must; for though he is a kind of Puck, a mischievous fairy dependent on Mr. Waugh's fantastic imagination, he is also the man to whom his sister turns when she is most depressed, and the man for whose absence the beautiful Angela Lyne consoles herself in drink.

MISS KRISTÍN GUDMUNDSDÓTTIR *and* MISS SVAVA JÓNS *are the company's Icelandic tap-dancers.*

Fantasy and Realism. To some extent, this dual aspect of Mr. Waugh's hero is an artistic weakness. It is easy to believe in Basil as an imp, a limb of Satan, but it is difficult to think of him at the same time as an emotional stand-by or a heart-breaker. The affectionate passages between him and his sister do not ring quite true, and I cannot understand how anyone could have fallen in love with him. In some of his earlier books—"A Handful of Dust," for instance—Mr. Waugh unites fantasy and reality by the common quality of cruelty, with which he invests them both. A cruel situation, with pity hard on its heels, fires Mr. Waugh's creative imagination as almost nothing else does. At times the same fusion happens in "Put Out More Flags." Thus we are able to believe in Ambrose Silk, the sensitive, successful Jewish author, living in London with a large circle of friends, and in Ambrose Silk, the fugitive from justice, eating his heart out in the wilds of Ireland, although in the one incarnation he is a real human being, and in the other a figure of fantasy. It is pure fantasy, the trick by which Basil brought about his banishment; it could never have worked; but his situation, however you look at it, is so exquisitely cruel that it seems equally convincing whether in life or in dream: and Mr. Waugh celebrates it with one of the finest passages of descriptive prose in this very finely written story.

Here is the versatile company of "ALL THIS—(AND ICELAND TOO)," *performed by and to the troops at the Fish Shed Theatre, Reykjavik, Iceland. The shed was adapted as a theatre by Major Betts, O.B.E., in 1940, and has since been improved out of recognition by the R.E.s, now having stage, proscenium, and orchestra pit. ENSA parties perform here too; it is Iceland's only English-speaking theatre.*

The Eleventh Dynasty. "Eyes of Horus" is a story of Egypt under the Eleventh Dynasty, when the worship of the benign Sun God Ra had become unfashionable, and in its place was established a religion of fear based on the worship of Set. Everywhere people murmured against the Government, against the slave labour it employed, against the "whip-men" who constituted its Gestapo; but the old Pharaoh still had the reins of power in his hands, and if his elder son was a degenerate whose life was a more or less open scandal, his second son, Men-het, was made of sterner stuff. There seemed little hope that the tyranny of the dynasty or the malign influence of the god could be overthrown.

The Conspirators. Miss Joan Grant tells how they were overthrown, mainly by a secret society which had ramifications all over Egypt, but which was specially strong in the Oryx, a small principality in the south. Ra-ab, who tells the story, was the son of the nomarch (ruler) of the Oryx. He and his sister are still children when the story opens, and there is a fascinating account of their initiation (perhaps too formal a term for such an effortless and instinctive process) into the spiritual conceptions and religious beliefs of the Egypt of that date. In their consciousness, reality and dream were almost indistinguishable; the material world had little more solidity for them than it has for a wireless wave. But soon, in their early teens, they were grown up, and ready to set about the business which the society of revolutionaries, called "The Eyes of Horus," required of them. A visit to the capital, where Ra-ab was honoured with an audience of Pharaoh, taught them much. Ra-ab, as the son of a governor, was shown sights withheld from less exalted tourists: among them a detailed object-lesson in embalming, which tries his nerves, as it will the reader's. He found much that horrified and disgusted him, but he also found a wife. His sister, less fortunate, only found a lover, and as he was Pharaoh's warrior son, and a potential enemy, she had no way of ending the entanglement but by feigning death.

All these adventures are exciting and graphically—sometimes too graphically—told; and as the plot thickens, and Pharaoh's death announces the hour of revolution, we find ourselves carried away on the current of events. A little carried away, too, from the past. Not into the present, for Miss Grant never loses touch with the physical attributes of Ancient Egypt. I am quite incompetent to judge how accurate is her description of all the outward signs and material manifestations of the Egyptian civilisation; to the layman, they are as convincing as they are copious, and never more astonishing then in the final scenes, the campaign against the oppressors, and the battle in which it culminates. But the atmosphere of war and the emotions connected with it belong to no special age, and they distract attention from what is characteristic in the past; whereas peace is a mirror, a still water in which its reflection can be clearly seen. That is why, to my mind, the earlier part of "Eyes of Horus" is the more interesting: there, the illusion of the past is wonderfully compelling.

A Spy Story with a Difference. "Music in the Park" is an ironical title, for it suggests leisure, relaxation and enjoyment: and we find little enough of any of these in Mr. F. L. Green's tense and painful story. It is a spy story, but with a difference—many differences, the chief one being that in intention, at any rate, it is a realistic novel, and the focus of interest is not what happens to the protagonist, but what goes on in his mind. Rennard is a German passing for an Englishman and working as accountant in an English firm. He makes friends with Pelley, a fellow-accountant, and with Pelley's sister Edith he falls in love. In the circumstances, both relationships are extremely dramatic, but they are treated, as the whole book is treated, with an eye to psychology rather than to drama. Pelley's weak point is his vanity and his inferiority complex. Physically and personally insignificant, he wants to impress Rennard with his importance, and the only way he can do this is by means of his skill as a photographer. He will dazzle the large and stolid Rennard by showing him photographs of a machine, the design of which is so secret that guards are posted to protect it. Edith's emotions are more simple. She is no longer young, and Rennard is the first man, in a dull, busy life devoted to the service of her brother, who has touched her heart. Rennard himself has little feeling for Pelley, whom he regards as a tool; but for Edith he comes to have a sentiment strong enough to make him review his whole life, realise its essential emptiness, and question the ideals that have hitherto dominated it.

From the dramatic point of view, Mr. Green hardly makes the most of his opportunities: the knot tied so tightly between these three people is unloosed rather by force of circumstances than by a revolution in their own natures. On the other hand, the story grows continuously more exciting, and the excitement (this is perhaps the author's greatest achievement) is almost devoid of sensationalism. It proceeds from Mr. Green's patient and minute analysis of what goes on in the minds of this strangely-linked trio almost as much as from the threat that, in different degrees, hangs over them all. Subtle, coloured, poetical, Mr. Green's mind is in strange contrast with his manner of writing, which, as though in a deliberate attempt to avoid insincerity, is often flat and clumsy. There seems to me to be an inherent improbability in "Music in the Park": Pelley was neither a fool nor a traitor, and I cannot believe that even such a powerful motive as vanity would have induced him, in wartime, to have betrayed a secret of vital national importance. But this does not vitiate the emotional content of the story, or break its strange, disturbing spell.

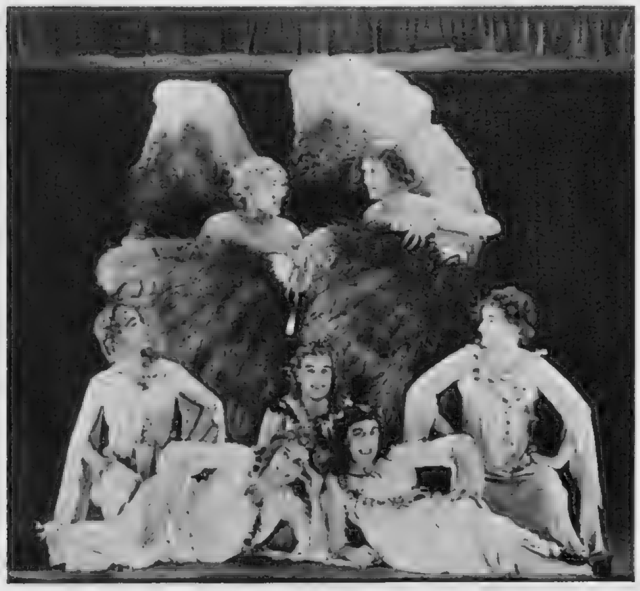
BOOKS REVIEWED.

Put Out More Flags. By Evelyn Waugh. (*Chapman and Hall; 8s.*)
Eyes of Horus. By Joan Grant. (*Methuen; 9s. 6d.*)
Music in the Park. By F. L. Green. (*Michael Joseph; 8s.*)

"SPREAD YOUR WINGS" WITH R.A.F. AND W.A.A.F.

"SPREAD YOUR WINGS," *a revue in twenty-five scenes, was produced by Flight Lieut. Ronald Waters in a camp somewhere in Scotland, where 1600 R.A.F. boys saw the show, which ran for four nights.* SQUADRON LEADER GRIMWADE *and his doll did a successful ventriloquist act. The girls are from the W.A.A.F. and N.A.A.F.I.*

The permanent station band consists of L/AC SCOTT, A/C FARMINGER, A/C THORNTON *and* A/C RAYNER, *all peacetime dance-band musicians.* CORPORAL CAREY, *the leader, is at the vibraphone, and star* A/C JOAN SAVAGE *at the "mike."*



"*The Rustle of Spring,*" *with* CPL. RUDLING *and* FLIGHT. LIEUT. RONALD WATERS *as fan dancers, and* SERGT. McCARTHY, CPL. GLYNN, L/AC FIELDING, L/AC DAVIES *and* L/AC JONES *as the girls.*

FLIGHT LIEUT. WATERS, who was, before the war, in the very successful Farjeon revues at the Little Theatre, has produced many shows for the R.A.F. "Spread Your Wings," his latest, had a company of seventy members, all drawn from the station. Hairdressers, wig-makers, make-up experts, and so forth, were all found among the personnel, and the rehearsals took place during "off-duty hours." The result was a big success.

A/C JOAN SAVAGE, *who works in the spare-part section of the station, played screen-star Sunbud Snowflake. She is giving an interview to* L/AC TEBBUTT *and* CPL. RUDLING.

"*You stepped out of a dream*": A/C CALVERT *with glamour girls* AIRCRAFTWOMEN I. JOHNSON, M. DOGHERTY, BETTY BROWN, JOAN SAVAGE, IRENE BURKE *and* MOLLY COLLINS.

"*Blue Champagne,*" *a dance number by* AIRCRAFTMAN CALVERT *and* AIRCRAFTWOMAN MOLLY COLLINS, *who, before the war, was in the Russian Ballet.*

DEATH MAKES A BREAK.*

By FRED WESTERHAM.

"PROOF ?" Inspector Davis gazed at the eager young officer sitting opposite. "Don't try to be too rational, son. Nothing can be really proved, as any logic-book will tell you——"

"But I mean, the scientific approach——"

"I 've solved my cases," said Inspector Davis, "by bits and pieces of observation and prejudice and hunch. Did I ever tell you about the Jonas murder ?"

It fitted together all right (said the Inspector) and it looked all right and it sounded all right. The obvious evidence. Yet I didn't feel happy. So—as a bit of amusement helps the mind to work—I took the problem with me to a billiard saloon.

A man I knew, name of Fosdick, was lounging there, so I picked on him to give me a game. He was ready enough—though, of course, what I chiefly wanted was a listener. "You heard about the Jonas murder ?" I began.

"Sure. I suppose it *was* murder ?"

"Not much doubt. He lives—lived—up at that big house standing by itself——"

Fosdick turned six into eight with a neat cannon and left me with nothing to play at. "You needn't wade through the introductory chapter, Davis. I knew poor old Jonas. Had a jewellery business in town, didn't he ? That accounts for the crime, I take it."

But I like to tell my tale at my own pace ; to avoid confusion. "Pass the chalk," I said, "and listen."

Then I related how Mr. Jonas's body had been discovered. A nice bit of ready-mindedness on the part of an A.R.P. warden. Do you know an almost infallible way of telling whether people are at home or not ? Well, if the cat runs up the garden path with you, meowing, you can bet Mister Cat has been waiting too. Folks don't often shut themselves in and the cat out in daytime.

Matter of fact, it was Jonas's cat that was bringing this visit from the warden. Jonas had one servant, chap named Ketley ; and Ketley's last job at night was to put the cat out. And people living across on the hillside complained that every time Ketley put the cat out, he let a shaft of light out too.

The A.R.P. fellow had tackled Ketley, but got no change out of him. A stupid, shifty bloke. So now he made a special call about 9 a.m. to catch Mr. Jonas himself before the old chap could leave for his usual morning train. But there was no sign of life ; and the cat's behaviour told the A.R.P. man there hadn't been any life that morning. . . .

When we got into the house, Ketley was missing and Mr. Jonas lay dead on the rug in his billiard-room.

Fosdick was about to slam down the red ; but he looked up with a grim smile. "Billiard-room, eh ? Going to reconstruct the crime here, then, with me as the victim ?"

I glanced at the score-board. "Reckon I 'm the victim. Pass the chalk. No, I won't inflict a reconstruction on you ; if only you 'll listen to all the facts and tell me why I 'm acting—or thinking, anyway—as counsel for the defence, though I 'm a policeman."

"Counsel for the defence ?"

"That 's what I said."

Fosdick, for a change, gave a point away ; and I 'll say I needed it. And he remarked, impatiently : "If you 'd come across with the facts I might have an idea. So far, you 've only discovered the body. And the absence of Ketley. Anything else missing ?"

"Yes : one or two things and possibly more. Jonas had a safe in the billiard-room. It was open, and empty. We don't know yet what might have been in it, except for a diamond brooch."

Perhaps billiards and criminology don't mix so well. I was still crawling up the twenties, while Fosdick was well into beer street.

"Chalk, please," I said, "though what I 'll need in this game is charity."

Fosdick laughed. "Hurry up with those facts !"

"Well, we found the gun. Didn't have to look for it. Placed there on the ledge of the billiard-table."

"Good. Finger-prints ?"

"Yes. Got 'em through yesterday. And they 're Ketley's."

There was a respectful pause for me, while Fosdick sent down the red like a mouse diving for its hole. Regular wizard.

"So far, old boy," he observed, "the Jonas case sounds sordid rather than mysterious. Any more clues ?"

"Not fitting into that picture. I 'll call those facts Group A——"

"And all you need to complete the picture—put the frame round, so to speak—is the missing Ketley."

I mis-cued, gave Fosdick a point, and sighed. "Odd you should use that word 'frame.' Anyway, we 've got Ketley. And the diamond brooch I mentioned. It was in his pocket."

"Sharp work !"

I had to admit that it wasn't so sharp. Pure luck. It appeared that Ketley, after beating it from the house with the stolen brooch—oh, yes, that much was certain enough—had cut away through the country roads, no doubt with the idea of picking up an early-morning train from another town. A poor dodge, but he wasn't very bright. And just before dawn—dopy with fatigue, probably—he 'd lurched in front of a car.

"It didn't take long to connect an unknown, unconscious hospital patient with the wanted Ketley. So there he is, with a policeman to play cribbage with him——"

"Not a goner, then ?"

"Oh, no. Sitting up quite chirpy now. Only—he 's lost his memory."

Fosdick, who was setting back the scorers ready for another hundred, looked up with his first real interest. "Gosh ! Pretty convenient, eh ?"

"Not for Ketley. He 'll be well enough in himself soon ; but the events of that night may be permanently blotted out. That 's how memory often goes after injury, you know. It means all the circumstances are against him, and he can't tell his own story."

"So what ? You 've enough——"

I muffed a simple pot-shot. "Let 's have that chalk again. It 's all the fault of these cues. Enough ? Oh, yes ; there 's enough to convict Ketley ; and also just enough—on the other side—to make me want to tell his story for him."

"Ah ! Now for the facts in B group——"

"Scarcely a group of facts," I confessed. "A fact or two, and a bunch of hunches. Firstly, this. Have a look at it."

The few light shreds that I shook from an envelope showed up plainly against the dark wood of the table. "Looks like hair," said Fosdick. "Don't tell me they were found in the dead clutch of the deceased !"

"Hair or fur," I said, "from a tabby cat whose coat is a bit the worse for wear. I picked some from the rug, some from the sleeve and front of Jonas's jacket as he lay there."

A little shiver came from Fosdick. "Ugh ! You mean old Jonas's cat went snuggling up to a dead man ?"

"So it seems. And natural enough. It was one of the cat's familiar spots—on the rug, near the gas-fire. You can't blame the animal—in fact, Ketley may have cause to bless it."

"Eh ? But——" Fosdick didn't finish, but turned back to his game.

"What I 'm doing now, you see, is putting up another story to fit all the facts, not some of 'em. The story Ketley can't tell himself—and maybe wouldn't get away with, anyhow.

"You know, Fosdick, cats aren't like dogs, always alert and sort of sociable. They like to snoop around and act discreetly ; taking their time. And I just don't believe that Jonas's killer, whoever he was, hung about so long afterwards that the cat had time to settle comfortably by the body—and even if he did, why should he bother to put the cat out later ?

"Yet the cat *had* curled up by Jonas ; and the cat *was* outside when the A.R.P. man called next morning. And I may mention that owing to the black-out there wasn't any open window. So—if my hunch is sound—it wasn't the murderer who put the cat out."

"All right : what else could have happened ?"

"I 'll tell you. We must suppose the real murderer—we 'll call him Mr. Somebody—knew Jonas. Had reason to know, perhaps, that there 'd be a lot of valuables in the safe that night. We don't know that ourselves yet. Criminals always have the initial advantage.

"Right. The same man happens to know that Ketley is allowed off from about eight each night. He goes along to the local pub, where he stays till closing-time. And Mr. Somebody has noticed that Ketley is a dull-witted, furtive chap. Well, Mr. Somebody isn't dull-witted. Around nine, he calls on Mr. Jonas. Just to pass a friendly hour. Maybe the call was genuinely casual ; and Jonas himself suggested a game of billiards. And during the game he talked of some interesting gems he 'd brought home. He opened the safe to show them.

"So then Mr. Somebody shot Mr. Jonas dead and helped himself to the valuables. Now he needed someone to hold the baby. Ketley, of course. Accordingly, Mr. Somebody left one diamond brooch to tempt the servant ; wiped his own prints off the gun, and placed it—where ?—say, on the doormat. And off he went.

"Towards eleven, Ketley came home. He has a key. First thing he steps on is the gun. Picks it up, naturally ; hence the prints. Goes to the billiard-room to see if the boss wants anything : finds him dead. Puts down the gun. Notices open safe, brooch. The only thought in his shallow mind is that someone else has done a job he 'd never had the guts to do. So he sneaks the brooch and hops it—staying only to pick up the cat and put it out, through force of habit. One way or another, Ketley was sure to be traced. And it worked—except for the cat—exactly as Mr. Somebody had figured."

"Very pretty," said Fosdick, "if you can find anyone to fill the part of 'Mr. Somebody.'"

"Pass the chalk," I said.

Inspector Davis pulled his moustache, and waited artfully for the obvious, respectful question. It came, from the youngest officer. "Who *was* 'Mr. Somebody' ?"

"Fosdick, of course," said Inspector Davis. "You 've gathered—if you 've been listening—that Fosdick had a habit of pocketing the billiard-chalk. I had to keep asking for it. Other billiard-players have nervous tricks too. Old Jonas—I 'd played with him occasionally—was a chalk-nibbler. So when Fosdick tossed me a chalk with Jonas's tooth-groove in it——. Eh ? Oh, no. That wasn't quite enough to hang him. But get your hunch right ; and the evidence will come later. Ask any scientist."

THE END.

**All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

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THERE is nothing in which an Englishwoman looks so well as a perfectly-cut tailor-made. It is essential that reliable materials be chosen. To Margaret Marks, Knightsbridge, must be given the credit of the suit pictured. It is of a black and white jersey fabric, the square pockets being in complete harmony with the check. There are pleats on the skirt and the coat is finished with a neat Peter Pan collar. An interesting revival is the Russian tunic, accompanied by a rather narrow skirt which is innocent of pleats: a colour contrast is introduced by a belt. The "puff" sleeve is another revival, and so is the Princess robe with white collar and cuffs and lizard-skin belt. Many of the printed summer frocks have unusual designs, including the Harlem nigger pattern.

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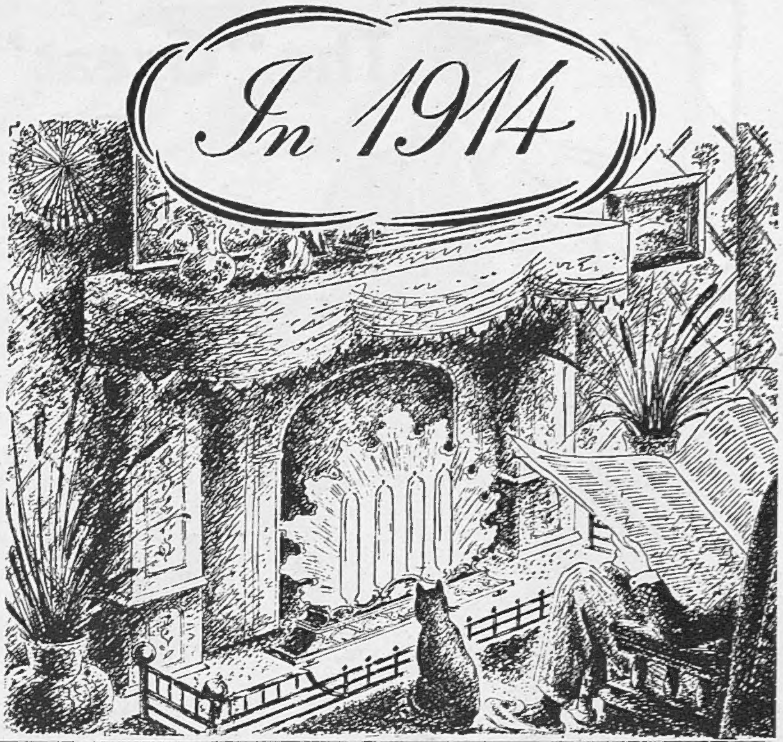

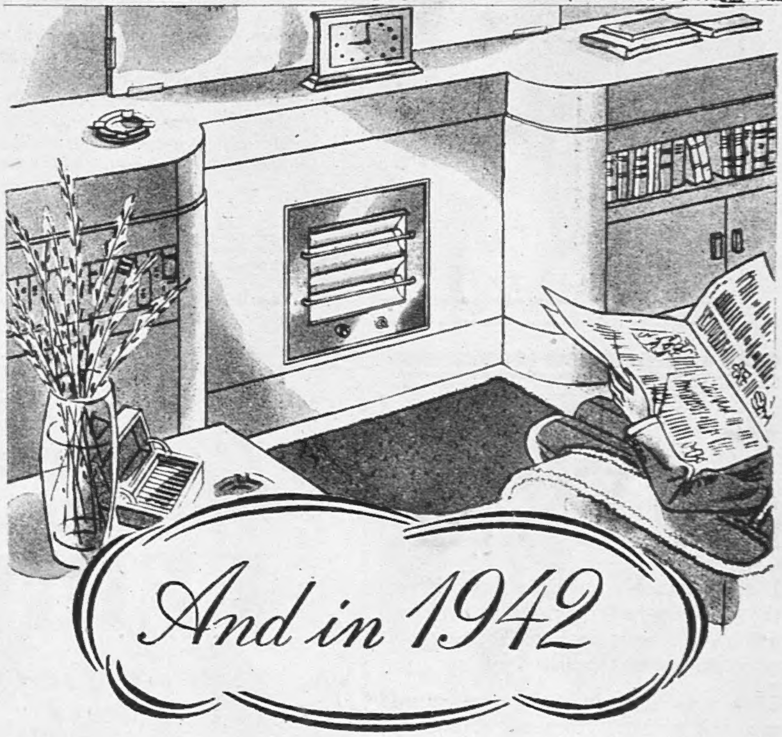

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